

The Omen



c o n t e n t s

Something Borrowed		Something Blue	
HCPD Blue.....4	God Schmod, I want my	In the Name of Love.....6	
The More You Know.....4	monkey-man.....17	Thanks for the Memos.....7	
It's Fun to Stay at the	Pretentious Mod Fucks.....20	The Amazing Technicolor	
NYWDA.....5	Kinder, Gentler Tailhook.....21	Straightjacket.....16	
Pee Wee's New Playhouse.....8	It's the Great Pumpkin.....24	Human Body: Your Own	
Better than Jury Duty.....10	Aemily.....25	Private Stuff.....18	
Stone Cold for President.....11	Do Sheep Not Drug.....25	Bert's Own Private Iowa.....19	
The Truth is in There.....12	Free Speech, Pricey Cookies	Hunt for Red Poontang.....22	
The Omen Centerfold.....14	and a Coat Hanger.....26	Saurus Picks up Chicks.....28	

The Omen

Volume 11, Number 5
November 13, 1998

Editors and Staff

Michelle Beach.....	Den Mother
Jacob Chabot.....	Will Kill You
Mat Lauritsen.....	Boxer
Mark Hugo.....	Not Drunk Enough
Aemily Reshen.....	Eat Your Friends
Travis Dale.....	Moving to Minnesota
Dave Killen.....	Danielle Steele
Bert Cattaveri.....	Living with Ernie
Wade Stuckwisch.....	Yurt Hurter
Paul Boyer.....	Not Charles Addams
Gareth Edel.....	Private Eyes Are Watching Him
Tyler Carey.....	That '70s Guy
Jess VanScay.....	Copy Girl

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Will Ransom
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Submit to us ...

The Omen accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community. **We won't edit anything you write** (unless it's for spelling or grammar), as long as you're willing to **be responsible for what you say** (sign your real **NAME**). Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours, is just not an option in this forum.

Submissions can include anything involving the Hampshire community and are due on Wednesday nights at 8 p.m. **Submit to Michelle Beach (B-304, box 1127)**. If you're interested in writing regularly, talk to Mat Lauritsen (A-315, x4339). **We prefer submissions on disk** — IBM or high density Mac — but hard copy is okay. Label your stuff well and it will get back to you.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, first born, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and **your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times**. What better way to be heard?

The Omen is a completely non-partisan forum for expression. The views and opinions expressed in this publication are those of the authors alone.

EDITORIAL

Reliable info: For once

by Michelle Beach

I feel that the article about Community Council in the last issue of the *Forward* (Volume 4, Number 4, "Elections Pique Interest" by Chris Ann Silver) needs to be addressed. I wish I didn't have to spend my editorial doing it. Unfortunately, in all of the 28 pages that is this *Omen* (the first time ever!) there was surprisingly no other room. So I am going to take the time to address a few of the inaccuracies here.

The article in the *Forward* contained more errors than fact. I personally find this amusing, as not only did the author receive accurate information through interviews, she also received several written documents that directly contradicted much of what she wrote. If you want to find out the real list of subcommittees and their chairs, or the correct number of people on council, stop by the Community Council Office in the Airport Lounge. Someone there will gladly give you the answers to those questions as well as a more accurate explanation of what Council is currently up to.

Community Council places \$10,000 in an endowment once a year and has done so for many years now. This means that there is now considerably more than the \$10,000 Chris Ann mentioned in her article. The point of all endowments, this one included, is to continue to put money

in them until they generate enough interest each year, so that the interest can be used to do something large. For example, the referendum past last year, if approved by the Trustees, will create an endowment for a Community Center. Students would pay money into each year until the interest generated from it was large enough to cover the yearly costs of maintaining the building. Unfortunately, the referendum said nothing about actually building it.

The Student Endowment is intended for similar purposes. The motion passed by Community Council was purposely open-ended. Because of this, the endowment is not tied to any specific purpose. Council did not want to try to predict what needs the community would be faced with when the endowment grew large enough to use. The endowment is only now beginning to reach a large enough size to be used.

On a completely different note, has anyone else noticed how quiet campus has been lately? I seem to remember things happening on this campus in the past. Student complained about things the administration did. The administration did things. The faculty did things. But this year, it just feels different. There seems to be this incredible tension on campus, though I can't seem to figure out why.

I wonder if there really isn't

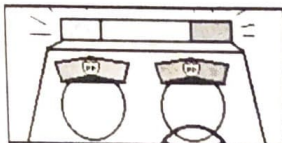
anything happening around here. If that's true, what's everyone doing? Why is nothing going on? I'm sure there are things on this campus that people care about, why aren't we hearing about them? Why aren't we talking about them? They're reorganizing the entire Division I process. Did you know that? The plan is to decide by the end of this semester. Does anyone know what the proposals are? This is how Hampshire is first presented to new students. Division I's are the first thing that they encounter. They are considering a foreign language requirement. Though it may not effect us directly, if the plan that is decided upon sucks, Hampshire will potentially lose students. Which means we will also lose money. Which means we may not be around 20 years from now. **I know I don't want a degree from a non-existent school.**

So stuff is happening. It has to be. Maybe we just aren't talking about it. More importantly, maybe we just aren't doing anything about it. Though I like surprises, I don't like it when they come from my college. It's important to know what going on around campus so suddenly the administration doesn't surprise us with something that we should have been involved in. We need to get involved so the campus will stop feeling so quiet.

by Jacob Chabot

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY IN THE SLAMMER





POLICE LOG!

October 27 - November 2

Fire Alarms

Oct. 27, 8:53 AM: Dakin, faulty smoke detector

Disturbances

Nov. 1, 1:45 AM: Prescott, furniture being thrown off balcony- apt 100

Nov. 1, 3:38 AM: Prescott, confrontation between students and o/c youths

Noise Complaints

Oct. 28, 12:46 AM: Prescott, re 84

Oct. 30, 3:18 AM: Enfield

Oct. 31, 4:14 AM: Prescott

Nov. 1, 2:51 AM: Enfield

Larceny

Nov. 1, 3:00 PM: Enfield, alumni reported various property stolen

Vandalism

Oct. 28, 8:50 AM: Merrill, door in laundry room vandalized

Oct. 30, 1:33 AM: Cole/Prescott, 3 light poles knocked down

Oct. 30, 2:41 AM: Library, papers lit on fire on bulletin board

Nov. 2, 8:01 AM: Dining Commons, graffiti in bathroom

Breaking & Entering

Oct. 28, 10:34 AM: Prescott, two motor vehicles broken into, stereo equipment stolen

Motor Vehicle Tow

Nov. 1, 5:25 AM: Prescott, vehicle towed from tow zone

Nov. 2, 8:23 AM: FPH/F/S Lot, vehicle on tow list removed from F/S lot

Drug Abuse Violation

Oct. 30, 9:48 AM: Dakin, referred to Dean's Office

Suspicious Person

Oct. 29, 7:20 PM: Back Gate, unable to locate individual

Oct. 30, 1:18 AM: Tavern, unable to locate individual

Oct. 30, 4:08 AM: Enfield, individual talked to, all OK

Nov. 1, 12:55 AM: Merrill, unable to locate individual

Nov. 1, 7:10 AM: Library, individuals sleeping in lounge moved along

Nov. 1, 11:41 PM: Dakin Lot, individual talked to, all OK

Weapons Violation

Nov. 1, 1:00 PM: Prescott, pellet gun confiscated

Traffic

Oct. 30, 2:08 AM: Main Drive, operator given verbal warning

Oct. 30, 8:02 AM: Dakin Road, operator given verbal warning

Nov. 2, 5:09 PM: Main Road, operator given verbal warning

Other Offenses

Oct. 28, 10:47 PM: Dakin, unwanted phone call

Oct. 29, 9:35 AM: Enfield, dog taken to pound

Nov. 2, 8:40 AM: Merrill, student reported receiving unsettling note

Nov. 2, 5:20 PM: Merrill, unwanted phone call

NEWS



by Michelle Beach

The Housing Advisory Committee (HAC) is currently discussing what to do about mods that lose quorum after the combine and squat deadline. The committee is also looking at ways to revise the interview process.

The room choosing process is centered around the Leave/Withdrawal/Field Study deadline. All students must file for leave before the Mod Combine and Squat Deadline, which means they can't take part in this or any other part of the housing process. In the past, students have signed the combine and squat form even though they knew they did not intend to return the following semester. Because of this HAC is discussing the following policy: any mod that loses quorum, after the combine and squat deadline, loses their right to squat in that mod the following semester.

Housing changes?

The interview process is often horrible for many students.

Although HAC realizes the need for mods members to choose who they want to live with, HAC also believes it is unfair to make students go through the process. HAC has proposed to allow mods to fill vacancies with friends, but if mods do not readily know of friends that want to live with them, the Housing Coordinator will fill vacancies from the "Mod Wait List."

Other ideas for coping with this problem include having those looking to get into mods complete a more detailed survey about who they are and what they are looking for. These could then be reviewed by those with vacancies and their new mod mates would be chosen accordingly.

If you are interesting in being involved in discussions about these or other housing issues, HAC meets every other Friday at 2PM. in the Housing Office.

NYWDA is not about reverse discrimination



by Margaret Eaton Salners

National Young Women's Day of Action (NYWDA) is about increasing awareness of the injustices women face. Devan Goldstein, apparently unaware of this, wrote that NYWDA is a case in point of reverse discrimination. He gave three examples of the "oppression" of NYWDA to support his view, each one was based on rather egocentric bogus logic.

His first example was the bake sale where men had to pay a quarter more for baked goods. His basic critique was that he is not responsible for the wage gap and therefore should not have to pay a different price because he is male. Well, the women who make less money than men are not responsible for the wage gap either but that doesn't mean they are exempt from its affects on their lives. The bake sale was an event meant to raise consciousness, not to be fair. There is a wage gap, no one is exempt just because they believe it is wrong. **Actions speak louder than words and clearly this event spoke loudly.** Devan and many others have now experienced how unfair it is when there is a financial policy that favors one gender over another.

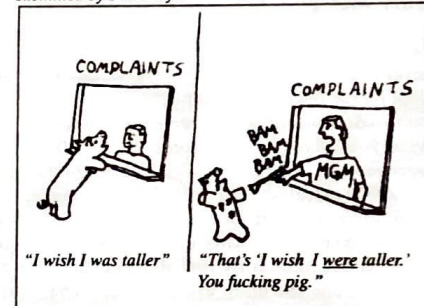
Devan's second point was about one of the central issues of NYWDA, that there should be access to "a safe, legal abortion for any woman who wants one, any time, any place [paid for by the U.S. Government]." I'm not sure where that direct quote in his piece came from but I think the real issue being lobbied for here, is that funds should be available to help make safe legal abortion available to low income women, specifically by allowing Medicaid to help fund abortions. Devan doesn't seem to have anything against that, or for the government paying for abortions for women who have been raped. His only concern is that as a taxpayer he does not want to be paying for the consequences of other people's, unsafe, irresponsible, stupid sex. But Devan, like every other taxpayer, already is. Raising a child has a lot more costs, most of which cannot be met

with dollars, than an abortion. When parents cannot meet those costs the government picks up some of the monetary tab, more than an abortion costs certainly, and the child goes without the rest. If a woman doesn't want to be a mother, she probably isn't ready to be, and definitely shouldn't have to. One last thing, **not only do our tax dollars already pay for the unwanted consequences of sex, they pay for the sex itself.** Viagra is covered by Medicaid.

Devan's third point was that his right to free speech had been silenced by NYWDA when someone, possibly with no affiliation or awareness of NYWDA, walked off with a sign he had put near a NYWDA chalking. His sign mocked the message of the chalking and was, in his own words, "in poor taste." Devan, you are free to put up a poster in a public place and I am free to take it down, I am free to put up a poster in a public place and you are free to take it down. If your poster disrespects mine, then I will remove yours. Posters are torn down all the time, my advice is, if you want your poster to remain up don't make it disrespectful and it will stand a better chance of not being torn down.

To everyone involved with NYWDA, rock on. And anyone else who believes women have a right to equal pay for equal work, the choice of when to be a mother, and all other aspects first class citizenship.

submitted by Paul Boyer



SHAKEN, not STIRRED

by Dave Killen

It was already a late night for Jack as the clock struck 11 and Sunday wound down towards its end. He usually made an attempt to be in bed by 9:30 and asleep by 10 on Sundays, and he was usually successful, but tonight something was different. He couldn't get his mind to rest. Song lyrics kept floating through his head. Each lyric felt slightly wrong, as if he were remembering the words correctly but they belonged to a song with a different backbeat. Jack continued to rack his brains for the right piece of music, figuring he'd probably fall asleep before he found it.

Across town, Jill lay on her bed with her eyes closed. A Billy Joel record played on the turntable she kept on the desk next to her.

So I would choose to be with you/that's if the choice were mine to make...

Frustrated, Jill rolled over and buried her face in her pillow. She had an early class the next day. The Billy Joel album was one she often used to

help herself fall asleep, and it wasn't working. She got up off the bed to change it and found herself staring blankly at her record collection. None of them seemed quite right.

Something wasn't quite right for Jack either. As he lay in bed, words continued to stream through on the edge of



But of all these friends and lovers// there is no one compares with you...

That was the Beatles, for sure. But what was the name of that song? Each answer was on the tip of his brain, but in his near-sleep state the questions were quickly forgotten. Song fragments continued to slip in, out and around in his head, and Jack knew sleep wouldn't come until he settled on one.

Sleep wouldn't come for Jill, either. She had abandoned Billy Joel in favor of U2, but it hadn't helped. Periodically she would sink into the music and begin to dream, only to snap awake at the last moment each time. The record continued to spin on the turntable.

Well, it's too late, tonight, to drag the past out into the light...

Jill clicked the record player off and picked up the phone.

Across town, Jack's jumbled songs were interrupted by the sudden ringing of his telephone. He sat up and stared at it as it rang a second time. On the fourth ring he picked it up.

"Hello?"

"Hi."

"Hey... I was just thinking about you."

"Yeah, me too."



Everybody Wang Chung Tonight

Just a faded memo, re: ...

by Mathew Lauritsen



MEMO

Re: Idiots such as Brendan Tamilio and the anonymous "Ad-hoc Committee"

To: Those sympathizing with the sentiment explicit in the "RE" section of this memo

From: Mathew Lauritsen

WHEREAS:

1. The Ad-hoc committee's sycophantic attempt at satire, a mock memo begging for the leadership of an "adult," is childish in itself, and is therefore self-nullifying, and
2. Mr. Tamilio should either use the word "urge" with less frequency or think of more fulfilling urges to advocate for himself and the Hampshire community, and
3. "Considerable spleen" is either self-congratulatory or gibberish, and
4. It is cooler and more artistic to demonstrate apathy than to be a blushing, empathetic knave, and
5. Though **Bob Sanborn should not be trusted by his students**, there is no need for cheap shots at his expense regarding his being a doctor, and
6. An expatriate is, by definition, an "ex" member of a community, i.e. "The more I hate the more he follows me, the more I love, the more he hateth me," and
7. Phrases such as "super-sixty," "journal of record," "political vehicle," and "community advocacy" point out, with embarrassing poignancy, the similarities between student government and "kittens playing with balls of red tape." (an image first conjured by the Honorable Jordan Strauss)

SO BE IT MOVED:

I. That these silly students be publicly ridiculed for:

- Their political impotence, and
- Their pathetic hope that one day they will be possessed by a competent leader, and
- Either privately financing or embezzling money to propagate their immature quibbles, and
- Taking Bob Sanborn seriously.

II. That those individuals engaged in similarly Sisyphean acts of rhetoric be slapped sharply on the face and made to focus upon the quality of their own education, rather than be allowed to further pontificate upon a few imperfect personalities.



THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY BEHIND BARS

by Jacob Chabot



The Yurt Files:

by Wade Stuckwisch

So the other day I noticed our favorite ostensibly locked public space, The Yurt, was unlocked. FOR ONCE. I remembered reading something about a teach-in going on there (Female president? Not on my watch!) So I decided to wander over. Sadly, no Republicans were gathered there, but what I did find was an open little black book with some scribbling in it, labeled "YURT GUEST BOOK." So, in the name of all that is negative on Hampshire campus (that would be me and the *Omen*), I did the only right thing and stole it. Now I've read a lot of silly things in my stay here, including Laura Mulvey, but I must say that this is one of the funniest. At first I was planning on keeping it and demanding ransom for it in *The Omen* as The People's Yurt Liberation Front, but then I remembered that damned "no anonymous submissions" policy. However, before returning it, I transcribed a few gems from this piece of Hampshire history for you, as I know that anyone reading the *Omen* for any reason other than to complain about it will appreciate this.

A circle is a complete way to gather. Thank you to whomever helped to create this place in which our community can meet. —:)

Student built space for the community—space for learning. I hope its (sic) not locked most of the time! So much potential in education—so much potential here—The building looks great—well integrated into the woods—and getting better. Well integrated into all our educations—Space for learning—so much learning already done. I can feel it, like water about to fall—potential education—about to bloom.

Arthur Liner (?)
5/1/98

[Personally, the only "potential education" I can see from a small round ostensibly locked building in the middle of the woods is—If a non-Mongolian asks you if they can build a Yurt, tell them NO. Ever hear of a CLASSROOM, Mr. Birkenstocks?]

Four years. My first September at Hampshire we broke the ground for the building. During the groundbreaking ceremony we managed to break the handles of both of the shovels used to break the ground for Hampshire back in the 70's (sic). Hmm, interesting omen. [...]

Emily Kellert
5.1.98

[Hmm, interesting word choice. So not only did we let you waste Hampshire space time and money, but you broke both our shovels? I'm also disappointed that no one mentioned that "Kickin' Ass On The Grass," a few yards away, out drew the Yurt opening by at least triple...]

[in a kindergarten scribble]
YURT
ORUU
UNNR
R N

We had a big party in the Yurt tonight and played loud music and got drunk.

Everything that is created possesses a unique kind of energy. The focus of the many minds that took part in making the yurt a reality have left in this building their pure, beautiful light, and all who come here leave what they bring with them. Let us hope that they do not bring and leave garbage, but that they leave love, happiness, great tunes, good vibes, and the lingering smell of herb to add to the magic of the yurt. The exit sign has a button that can be taped down to eliminate the eery (sic) red glow. The construction of this yurt is a truly noble

cause.

-Peace on Earth, Goodwill towards men

Nick Muhai (?)
End of Spring Semester '98

[in someone else's handwriting, immediately below]

SHUT UP YOU HIPPIE!

I did not know what a yurt is. Is this a yurt? Maybe this is Mr./Ms. Yurt's guest book?

Raa

[with arrows] I licked here. She licked here. She licked here.

We licked in recognition of this beautiful place on natural wood smelling pine. We love the yurt.

P.S. The Yurt is much nicer than I thought it would be. Classy lighting.
[with arrow] I'll lick to that!

candious smurf like mushroom hut
cozy me with your seating
Kindle my spirit with your glow
thank you for this moment.

ray (?)

I've known many yurts in my life. My ex-wife was a yurt. But this yurt, is a yurt of the yurtiverse.

Came here from far away "Penn. State" with the sole intention of seeing this "yurt" of yours that everyone seems to be so keen on. Well, now that this goal has been met, I have a few suggestions as to how you might go about improving this yurt.

1) Straighten up those walls—they're all crooked for Pete's sake.
2) Put in a hot tub (maybe in

Wade's a thief

the east wing somewhere.)

3) 4 words... Wall to Wall Carpentry!!

4) Do something about the big hole in the roof.

Also it doesn't appear that anyone is making any \$\$ off of this crazy contraption. That's just not right. This is the land of Capitalism folks, advertise, advertise, advertise!!

DENIAL. Pack that in your bowl and smoke it.]

9/24
YURTSTAFF: DRUM ENSEMBLE ARRIVED AT 10:15 TO FIND BROKEN WINDOW. SWEEP UP GLASS BUT WANTED YOU TO KNOW IT WASN'T US!

SCOTT PARKER

Love, Steve

NOFA '98

THANKS FOR THIS
COOL SPACE YOU'VE
CREATED FOR
ALL. WE
MADE
SOUND
AND
COOL VIBES
HERE AND
HOPE OTHERS
WILL FOLLOW.

LOVE
BUTTERFLY

HEY BABY
...NICE YURT.

LVD

It is very easy too (sic) be negative and many follow the easy path. To tear down, to put down, to dampen the enthusiasm of the enthused. To be positive is very difficult in life. This building, like all others, is a manifestation of positive energy. The people that built this building not only endured the long process of building, but also the ridicule, disrespect and doubts of many. Their spirits were strong. May all those who come here realize some of the builders' positivity—for the temptations of the easy road are great, and the rewards of the positive are sublime—

Anonymous visitor
[Hey, being positive is simple. It's called

Ah, Hampshire? Your crazy oppressive death energy has helped so many of us build such wondrous moments to life!

Andy Toomajian F93

Oct. 23 -
A mother
Of one now grown and gone
Wanders a leafy path in the woods,
Toward something round, mysterious,
private.
Alone it stands,
and she
Enters a still and solitary place.
A gray squirrel rummages in the leaves without.
A gray woman rummages through

memories within.
The quiet pine smells of steadfastness,
The leaves wrestle resilience
And the waning autumnal light embraces
The moment once more.
Laurel's mother

[some burn marks from a lighter]

Oct. 27
We were here for the teach-in, but I'm quite disappointed (sic). Where's everybody else? Damned closet conservatives...

Y e a h ,
where w a s
t h e
Christian
Reich at? Who
put up those
damn posters? I
was here, ready for
conversation, but no
one else was! Damn!
Damn! Damn you all!
[in different handwriting]
to the yurt, in fact. ~Missa

& Nate

And, my own addition...
(The Yurt committee already hates me, so I can't inspire any more negative energy by 'fessing up to this...)

DEAR FUCKING BLOODY YURT,
THANK YOU FOR GIVING
ME SOMETHING TO DIRECT ALL
MY NEGATIVE "VIBES" AT. I
HOPE ALL THE HIPPIES GET A
CHILL FROM MY NEGATIVE ENERGY WHEN THEY WALK IN
HERE. ENERGY REQUIRES BOTH
THE POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POLES!

—THE THIEF

Con-fes-shuuns of a closet Lisa

by Laura Brooks

So I was over at Mystery Train Records leafing through the piles of discarded shit that people continually seem to toss out and buy back again, wondering just how long this cycle can keep regenerating before everything in this store turns into pure excrement, when I happened upon the first Pauly Shore CD entitled *The Future Of America*. Well, I'm not proud. I tried to bargain it down from the six dollar price tag. No dice. Had to buy it, I just couldn't help it. I simply melted when I saw the photo of Pauly ever so benevolently holding his weasel. So alas, I became part of the regenerating cycle and brought trash back to the homestead.

So what if this CD was released in 1991. So what if it's not even in print anymore. It deserves to be reviewed again for all those who were so wrapped up in Bel Biv Devoe in '91 that they let it slip through the cracks. Here is my conclusion: **it blows. But it blows in a stoney way. It blows in that "naaaar.....ly" way.**

It's worth a listen. So grab your "jugs" and start running to the nearest dumpster, junk yard, or used CD store and get yourself a copy of the winner of the 1991 College Music Journalists Award for Best Comedy Album and then maybe you can gather up some of your "crusty dudes" and start "chillin'" at a padre's mod.

Pauly Shore can teach a great deal to guys at Hampshire. Let's say you're cruisin' through the line at Saga, and you've got the munchies. Let's say you're looking for some serious grindage, like meaty bison mac and cheese and

you see this totally fresh chick and her hugs are like begging for a tweaking, but maybe you're stoked about your beak, or something. All of a sudden you look down and check out the wood she cre...ated! Owwwwoohhhh...buuuhhh..die! What do you do?

1. The safe road: take your beak and your bison mac and head to the middle room, hope she didn't notice the major bone.

2. The hummer move: Frre...ee...eak. Pass out face down in the buffet line.

3. Most likely what the weasel himself would do: Confidently pose the question "Hey greasy Saga chick, I like the look of your cones and they look like they need some tweekin love so why don't we cruise to my dorm/mod, I'll twist you a phatty, we'll get waaaa...sted and be totally mel-low and then maybe later we can have some quality get to know "the beave" time. It'll be totally chill cause I got Guns and Roses and lots of rubbers in my room, kay?"

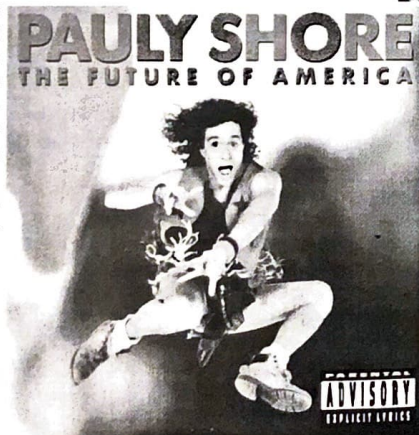
Mr. Shore also has something to teach the women of Hampshire. He speaks for the men when he says he likes sleazy girls in pumps with miniskirts up to the beave. He calls these girls Lisas. He notes that girls who aren't Lisas hate Lisas. How true. He also wonders aloud: "What's up with every girl having smelly, hairy pits?" Hmmm. I'm go-

ing to leave that one alone, but just as an aside, he suggests Noxema.

"Lisa, Lisa" is the only song on "The Future of America". However, maybe we should stay in the mindset that it's like that for a reason. Ever heard of quality over quantity? Trust me, **you wouldn't want more songs like this on an album, unless you like the way it feels when your ears bleed.** Maybe you're into that.

If so, there are two other albums out by the infamous "Weasel." *Scraps From the Future* and *Pink Diggily Diggily*. I would proceed with caution, it can be enough to freak your melon...much like a hatchet wound. Laura Brooks was a closet Lisa until this article.

For a Pauly Shore Autograph write to 1375 N. Doheny Dr. Los Angeles, CA, 90069. For Fan Club Info: Gallin Morey & Associates, 8730 Sunset Blvd., Penthouse West, Los Angeles, CA 90069



The Body, The Mind, The Governor

by Travis Dale

Before last Tuesday, November 3rd, my faith in democratic politics in the United States was so incredibly low, sometimes complete strangers would offer me a consoling hug and say, "Oh Travis, our country's misshapen political system can't possibly be that bad. Cheer up a little." A brief look at our freakshow "democracy" in the United States leaves us with a chilling view of a plutocratic media-circus, out of control and out of touch with the common person: abysmally low voter turnout, lack of direct citizen control, the power of special interest groups, the corruption of the campaign finance system and the influence of big money in policy-making, the anti-democratic nature of the Supreme Court, the existence of Libertarians. I could go on, but I don't have to. **The sad truth is that the U.S. Government is not a government, of, by, and for the people.** It is a miserable democratic failure. But this fact is one you already know.

Rather, this sad fact of life was one you already knew, but is now no longer true. With the 1998 elections has come a change in American politics so profound, it's full impact will only be realized thousands and thousands of years from now, when human civilization traces its point of enlightenment back to this great event. Of course, I am speaking about the election of Jesse "The Body" Ventura (who now prefers



Jesse Ventura celebrates his victory with tag-team partner Mae Schunk

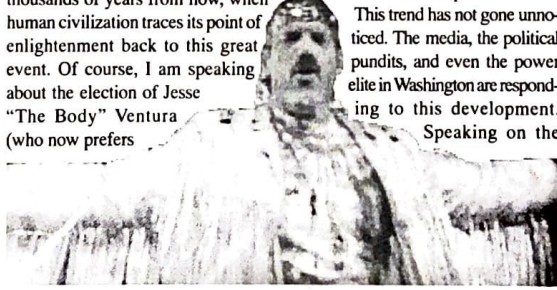
to be called "The Mind") to the governorship of Minnesota.

This is a victory not only for Jesse Ventura, but also for third parties everywhere. Currently only Maine has an independent governor, Angus King. Ventura's Reform Party, founded by Ross Perot after his failed Presidential campaign, has never before won an election for any statewide office. Jesse's victory makes him the prime candidate for the Reform Party's nomination for President in 2000, though Jesse says he's "just going to worry about the state of Minnesota" and is not interested in national politics.

Even more importantly, this is a victory for the American people, not just residents of Minnesota. Ventura's victory validates the bond between professional wrestling and politics, which must only become stronger as more wrestlers enter the political arena.

This trend has not gone unnoticed. The media, the political pundits, and even the power elite in Washington are responding to this development.

Speaking on the



wrestling-politics issue, President Clinton thinks "a lot of politicians are going to be spending time in gyms now." This can only be a good thing. As more and more professional wrestlers run for office, **career politicians will need to beef up and learn some holds and throws**, just to be able to compete.

A press release from the World Wrestling Federation gives credit to Vince McMahon, WWF owner, for teaching Ventura the art of "bulls__". The press release echoes my own sentiments, that "politics will never be the same. Not only is there life after the WWF, we can only ask what next? Steve Austin for President!?"

If the WWF does indeed offer Stone Cold Steve Austin as its candidate for President in 2000, the WCW will probably respond by endorsing World Heavyweight Champion Bill Goldberg, who has already expressed interest in wrestling Austin. Of course, the various factions of the NWO will offer their candidates for the presidency, and pretty soon the Presidential election will be indistinguishable from the Royal Rumble. If all goes well, American politics will be entirely replaced by professional wrestling. Only then will my faith in this great nation be renewed.

Like the Bat Cave, only cooler

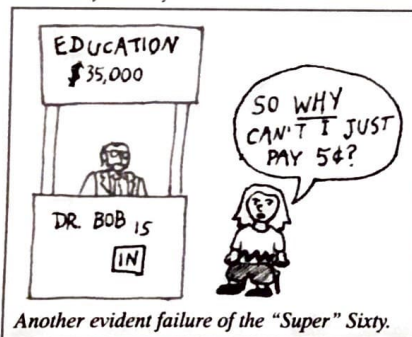
by Jacob Chabot and Mark Hugo

The *Omen* needs an office. Seeing as how we are the most infamous and widely exalted publication in Hampshire history, it does not seem fitting that we conduct our business out of a dank, smelly, cramped butthole of a room. We need lots of floor space so we can pass out on the floor comfortably. Mark Hugo is tired of sleeping crammed between the heater and the desk in the publications lab. We need, how should we say this, breathing room. Because of the uprising of several rookie publications made by disgruntled literary elves, we will have to share this hell-hole with many.

In our new office we will need one of those wastebaskets with a little basketball hoop. Also, a giant, inflatable Godzilla. The uses for said items are obvious in their necessity. It is also imperative that we have a tear away Far Side calendar (or a bad ripoff, maybe a Dilbert or a Ziggy one will suffice) in order to tell what day it is. On our desk(s) we will also require a Rubix cube and Nerf guns. These are stress relievers. **Maybe we'll even need a bop bag with Skeletor on it.**

Among other furnishings for our office we will need a nice plush couch of the blue variety, one of those ones that makes a corner. Do not buy one from Bob's Discount Furniture. We do not like this man nor his talking furniture. We will put this couch in the corner of our office. And bunks! We need bunks! They're fun!

submitted by Paul Boyer



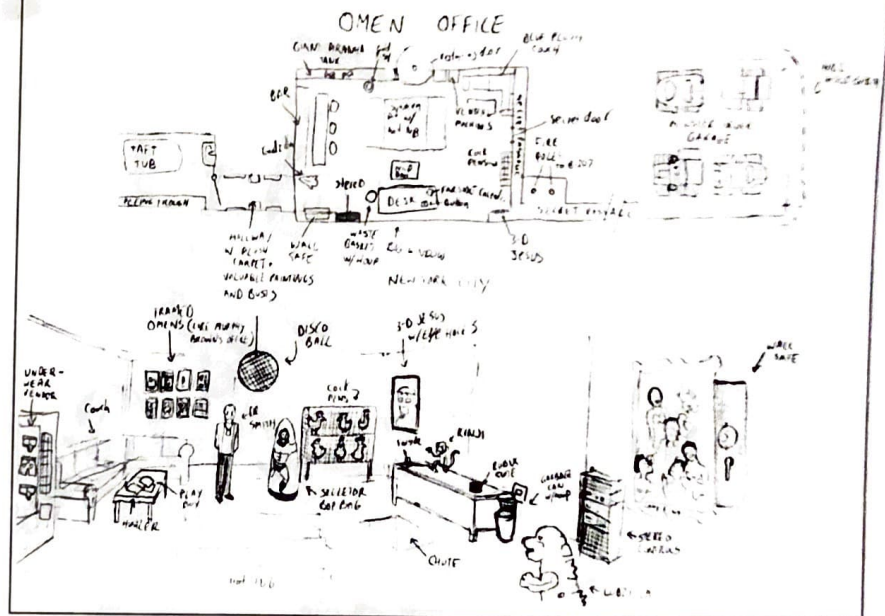
Another evident failure of the "Super" Sixty.

We also want one wall of our office to be a giant bay window that overlooks the city of New York. The opposing wall will be our gigantic piranha tank. We will keep a small bowl of goldfish next to this tank in order to tease and taunt them. Every once in a while we'll toss a goldfish in to keep 'em rowdy. One wall will have several vending machines that are filled with snacks, soda, and underwear like the ones in Japan. In order to save on AC costs, we will need one of those revolving doors that are grand fun to spin 'round and 'round. The middle of our office will be a sunken pit with a hot tub in it. The floors will have to be made out of black and white checkered marble to protect against water damage and for easy cleaning by our maid, a trained monkey named Kinji. So, we will also require a trained monkey named Kinji. Assisting Kinji in his duties will be Dr. Smith, of Lost in Space fame. Now, when ever there's a sign of danger, Dr. Smith will shriek in his girly manner "Noooooooooooo!" and hide under the desk.

Speaking of *Lost in Space*, we need a deluxe stereo system with the soundtrack to *Lost in Space* hardwired in. That way, we can always listen to the *Lost in Space* theme and its subsequent remixes like the dance remix, the banjo remix, and the Harlem boys choir remix (don't forget the Elvis cover). Accompanying this music will be a laser light show that will reflect quite nicely off the disco ball hanging from the middle of the ceiling. The lasers and fog machine will be set on a timer so that one of us can set it to go off at a random time during the week where we will immediately get down to the phat beats.

We also need a goat. Mark refuses to explain this. The goat will need subscriptions to Hustler (for the pictures) and Playboy (for the articles). Cock fights will be held on a weekly basis, possibly on Wednesdays. Adjacent to the cock pens and directly in front of the huge mahogany desk in front of our large window, we will install a trap door. This way, if anybody we don't like (people from the *Forward*, pricks, dicks, and frauds—for a more complete list see Section Hate in Volume 11, Number 1 of the *Omen*) approaches us, we can press a button on the desk—BESHT—and send them tumbling down our laundry chute—no, our alligator pit. We can sit at this large desk and look out thoughtfully on the city or stand be-

Our master plan



hind it and laugh maniacally, raising our arms in the air, our hands clawed with power.

Remember Webster? Remember his secret passage behind the grandfather clock? We want something rather like this. There will be a secret door that goes to a secret passage behind the walls. We will be able to spy on anyone in the room through the use of eye holes in our giant 3-d picture of Jesus. There will be a set of controls back there that can flood the room with gas if necessary. This secret passage will also lead to a set of fireman's poles that go to Jacob Chabot's room (Merrill B-207). When one slides down these poles, they can change into another set of clothes, such as a superhero costume. It will also connect to our monster truck garage. The entrance to this garage is hidden by a hologram of a hillside. This way, nobody knows where we keep our monster trucks, which we will need to go to meetings and public appearances. Complementing our giant 3-d picture of Jesus will be a life size portrait of Larry Flint surrounded by scads of his perfectly legal models. This painting

will hide our oversized wall safe, where we will keep our money tree and our golden egg laying goose.

On the wall left of the huge mahogany desk (facing back to New York), will be a fully stocked wet bar. Kinji the monkey can pull double duty as bartender on those occasions where we get blitzed upon completion of an issue of the *Omen*. Dr. Smith can double as bar back. Behind the bar will be a short, but immaculately decorated, hallway that leads to our bathroom. **Relocated in our bathroom will be the oversized bathtub, initially used by President Taft to bathe his amazing girth** during his stay at the White House. We can only hope that one day, we shall be large with success and fortune as our dear former President Taft.

We hope that you find our requests reasonable and will fulfill our wishes post haste. Thank you and good night. You've been a wonderful audience! Mwah, mwah, love ya!

Red November Frisbee Revolution



Visiting Teams:

- Amherst College
- Amherst High School
- Reigning national high school champions
- Wesleyan College
- Bates College
- Wood's Hole
- Brandeis College
- Skidmore College
- Umass

Home teams:

Hampshire College
Red Scare
and
The Scary Reds

**Tournament Saturday, November 14th
All day long (10:30 AM - sundown)
Hampshire College Soccer Field**

• Brand new discs designed especially for the '98 - '99 season, available for the first time ever, three sensational colors, including sparkly blue (in limited numbers)!

**Join us, comrades, and
take part in the
revolution!**

Incite your team to riot with their favorite cheer!:

Call: "Are you, or have you ever been, a member of the Communist Party?"

Response: "Repeat the question!"

Call: "Are you, or have you ever been, a member of the Communist Party?"

Response: "On advice of counsel, I plead the fifth amendment!"

Call: "Are you, or have you ever been, a member of the Communist Party?"

Response: "FUCK YEAH!"



by Wade Stuckwisch

Pleasantville is a damned dirty hippie movie. Yes, that is a generalization, but no worse than the generalizations that the film made... OK, I suppose before I launch in to my rant I should tell you more about the movie. I knew this movie was going to be weird long before I saw it. You'd figure that any movie where things gradually turn color has to be at least as skewed as *The Truman Show*. And after the professor for my class on Dada and Surrealism recommended it, I knew it was definitely going to be a little different.

Anyway, the plot is thus. This high school geek sorta guy and his cooler sexually active sister (obviously she's a slut because she's blond) get sent into this '50s suburban utopia TV show by this random mad scientist TV guy, played by Don Knotts. Yes, Don Knotts is still alive. I don't believe it either. Sis decides to deflower the captain of the basketball team, who, of course, knows nothing about sex, since there was no such thing on '50s black and white TV. After Basketball Boy falls from grace, things suddenly start becoming color (not just color—gaudy cinematic Technicolor!) and things stop being mechanically perfect. The kids start exchanging fluids, Mom starts masturbating, the soda jerk starts painting, and shit turns color. The black and

white people start getting concerned. This is the part where the film gets **heavy handed**. Note that is underlined, italicized, and boldface. Of course, the people most against this color thing are the old, white, male, straight men whose wives aren't making them dinner. Signs stating "No Colored People" start popping up in shop windows, and oddly enough, most of the black and white-supporting kids are suddenly blond Aryan Nation poster boys. One of them is even named Whitey. Like I said, **heavy handed**. This movie writes its message on a 2x4 and hits you on the head with it for approximately two and a half hours. Free love is the great-



est good, and anybody who doesn't understand is obviously a fascist. I love an open-minded film.

The totally stupid thing about this movie is that it's completely contradictory. For example, Pleasantville's idyllic but repressed society is shown to be somehow inferior to the "free" society of divorce, AIDS, a big-ass hole in the ozone

layer, and dumb smoking blond slut high school girls, as the movie depicts modern times to be.

The town of Pleasantville's repression **must** be worse because it's not in color. So what the fuck is wrong with black and white? Personally, I think this plot is another Ted Turner ploy to start colorizing classic movies again for dumb American audiences who can't watch things in black and white. What's wrong with you fucking people, next you'll be complaining about letterboxing! When the town of Pleasantville does turn color, representing its new freedom from repression, in true Hollywood style the film glosses over the fact that if society is less and less "pleasant" and repressed, some really unpleasant things must be happening too.

William H. Macy isn't just having to cook his own dinner, he's losing his wife, for chrissakes! **C'mon, let's see some Technicolor poverty, rape, and violence! And a few cases of the clap, too!** Where's a big

Technicolor A-bomb blast when you need one? The biggest hypocrisy of this film is that while it mocks the TV-generated utopia of Pleasantville, at the same time the movie is just another glossy Hollywood film, happy ending included. The only way I could have taken this film seriously is if it

continued on page 17

Forget that God, He's whipped anyway

by Dr. Jason Wilder
jkonschak@hotmail.com

I have a theory. I didn't steal it. I made it up. I wasn't even drunk or drugged when I thought of it. I was just sitting there, warming my feet on my laptop, when it came to me, like a revelation. The theory's mine, and I'm about to give it to you.

The theory has three parts. These are the three parts:

- One: God exists after all.
- Two: God is actually deeply concerned about what goes on here on Earth.
- And Three: he's scared shitless.

You ask, "Dr. Wilder, what is God so scared of?"

And I answer, "God is scared of you, suckah."

That may seem odd, until you put yourself in God's big-ass moccasins.

So, let's say that you're God, and you build a living thing. After all, that's what Gods do with their spare time. Now, let's say that you do a bang-up job. In fact, you're so clever, you give the thing free will. That's an impressive feature to put on something. Sort of like the car in *Night Rider*. That was one fully decked out automobile, mostly because it had free will. (Though, the rocket boosters were cool too.)

Anyway, the thing busts out, and it starts making trouble. It tears up your place, and starts acting like it's the boss. You want to get rid of the crazy fool, because it looks and acts like a crazy fool.

So, you fight back. Maybe you get a bunch of villagers to chase it with torches and pitchforks. But, the problem is, the freak is so smart, it makes a nuclear bomb, and it blows the hell out of your stupid villagers.

Well, that's exactly what happened to our God. We're the crazy fool, and God's you, and your place is Earth, and the villagers are nature, and the nuclear bomb is technology, and the egg salad is still the egg salad.

continued from page 16

had a big, Terry Gilliam/*Time Bandits*-style negative ending. "Don't touch it, it's evil!" I suppose I could say the same about a ticket for this film.

All in all, the film basically says that sex and rock n' roll are good, and as far as the possible negative con-

sequences go...ope, we didn't get that far but look at the pretty colors! Thus my accusation that this was a damned dirty hippie movie. Free love is good, and the consequences? Duh, I dunno. This film is so far removed from reality that I honestly subconsciously expected to turn away from the screen

too. So, you can see, if you were God, you'd be scared

too. It's the whole, "Oh no, I've created a monster!" syndrome, and God's got it.

Now, I'm not suggesting that we change our behavior and become lovable and friendly to God. No one wants to see the Frankenstein monster kissing Dr. Frankenstein's ass, at least, no one that I ever dated. They want the monster to tear up some villagers, and kill the doctor—and that's exactly what I want too.

Furthermore, as far as I'm concerned, I hope that we blow ourselves up in the process. In fact, I'm rooting for it. That's what has to happen to the monster in the end of the movie anyway, so you might as well root for it. The monster has to die. Usually it's because of something stupid it does, like climbing up some big pointy building for no good reason.

My theory isn't supposed to save us. It's just supposed to help people find their way in this messy world, so they can be as sane and as well adjusted as me, Dr. Wilder.

So, next time you need guidance, simply look to Heaven, and yell, "BOO!" because it makes God jump. Next time you're feeling low—slam doors, play loud music, stomp your feet, and make scary faces. When people ask you why you're doing it, tell them "It gives God the heeby-jeebies." Best of all, carry around a big stick with you everywhere you go, and when people ask you about it, say, **"This is my God beatin' stick." That'll keep God on his toes.**

In the end, all I'm suggesting is, people should believe my theory simply on the basis of faith. In other words, because it sounds good. They should start crusades to convert everyone to my brilliant religion, even peoples' pets. It's the best thing we can do, fanatically following a religion. It's sort of like climbing the nearest big pointy building.

Yay us.

Hippie Shit

and see things in black and white. Nice, but your paper has no conclusion, your argument is based on stereotypes and race-baiting and you're missing half the facts. "F." Next...



Privacy on the line?

by Gareth Edel

Privacy is a personal thing. It seems like a tautology doesn't it? Like the sort of statement that only an idiot would make but as I recently learned it is just that: a personal thing. There are no laws either constitutional or federal (who knows what any given state has) that govern any sort of real privacy. That was the part of the lecture which I found interesting. On October twenty-ninth Dr. Susan Landau, who teaches at UMass, came to speak at Hampshire on the topic of information privacy. She has recently (you must understand) published a book about privacy and communications technology.

There is one warning before I lay out for you what she said. I am not now, nor have I ever been a competent or even knowledgeable computer user. That said, I neither understood nor was interested during the forty-five minutes she spent talking about: how different forms of encryption (computer/mathematical codes which make the information unreadable by people you don't want hearing/reading/seeing it) were newer or better than one another, why they were hard to break, or why I would care.

The way that privacy works in the United States without laws governing it is by precedent. A precedent is the legal equivalent of something being so commonly agreed upon that it is basically a rule. The precedent at Hampshire is that students do not follow through on protests and projects. This is true often enough that many of us believe that we can predict failure

based on the precedent.

Anyway, there are some things which contribute to the belief in privacy. **The Third Amendment was written in response to the British soldiers that stayed in civilians living rooms around the country.** The soldiers had the right to stay there without payment harassing mom and sis and expecting dad to pay for their food. So the American government said in the Third Amendment that people cannot be forced by the government to share their homes. Almost but not quite privacy.

Then we have the Fourth Amendment, that says that if the police want to search your house they have to have a reason and that while searching for stolen weapons or terrorist bombs, they cannot arrest you if all they do find is seventeen pure uncut kilos of Peruvian Gold. Again, almost but not quite privacy.

Maybe it was in the Fifth Amendment? Well, not really, the Fifth is a classic from gangster movies. You know, it is the right to not have to self incriminate. For all of you out there who are saying "won't that make you grow hair on your palms?" No. That is masturbation or maybe self ministration. I am talking about self incrimination, which means they can't beat you until you admit you did it and also they can't make you answer about crimes you are not on trial for while under oath. For example, after be-

ing arrested for the ounce in your back pack they cannot say "How often did you sell?" or "How much have you sold in the last ten years?" If the Fifth didn't exist then you would have to answer truthfully and expediently or face even more prison time for ratting yourself out.

Are you all caught up yet? So we have three near misses. Well that sufficed prior to telephones and beepers, cameras, wiretaps, searching electronic records, the web, e-mail... and all the other shit our technologically laden society so loves. Not to say I don't use e-mail and wouldn't kiss your ass for a free new computer. At this very moment I am at a computer with possibly incriminating files on it. But I don't have them encrypted, so anyone can read them. Who would give what I did anyway. So along came all this stuff and now there is more complicated stuff for the courts to decide.

The precedents connected to privacy continue to shift. There have been lots of cases that set precedents for privacy. *Roe v Wade* (1973) said human body is theirs and is considered private. *Griswald v Connecticut* (1965) went to the Supreme Court and ended up adding that **the bedroom should be considered private** as well. *The United States v Miller* (1976) said that the foolish Georgia moonshiner was not entitled to expect privacy in his bank records. There are lots of people involved at the bank; you don't reasonably get to say "I thought I was telling it to a confidant."

continued on page 19

Too many fat people

by Bert Cattivera, Omen Travel Bureau

To: Ms. Beach
From: Bert J. Cattivera

I recently traveled across the country for the umpteenth time. As the *Omen's* roving correspondent, I would like to share some excerpts from my travel log:

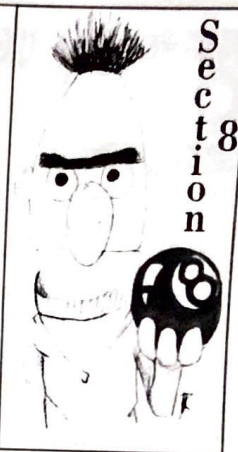
- I have now purloined 37 copies of the Gideon Bible from motels in Iowa alone. I owe a debt of gratitude to the Christians for my luminous bonfire (Bert 2, Jesus 0).
- A chain of gas stations in the Midwest is entitled "Kum and Go." I would be willing to wager that President Clinton routinely travels 1600 miles to refuel his kevlar limousine here. Then he goes cruising for women who resemble dairy cows.
- There are too many fat people in the Midwestern United States. Iowans are extremely fat and misshapen victims of a decreasing gene pool
- The utter lack of people in Wyoming strangely reminds me of Janet Reno. Could somebody appoint a Special Botanist to examine Ms. Reno and determine if she is in fact a self-reproducing plant?
- **Ever wonder who Chelsea Clinton's real biological mother is?**
- A Texaco station in Park City, Utah instructs customers never to "siphon fuel by mouth." I will decline to state the implied intelligence of Utah residents.
- Beginning in the heart of New England, the further north you travel, the more imbecilic the inhabitants. This is evident in their lack of driving skills, the way they speak French, as well as their Mongoloid facial features.

I will keep this article brief, as I have already managed to insult the Christians, the Clintons, the obese, the Iowans, the Utes, the Canadians, and the French. Please forward a copy of this memorandum to the FBI so they can place it in my think file.

Vastly,
Bert J. Cattivera

P.S. I am beginning to suffer sperm-retention headaches. Apparently, I have been deemed "unfuckable" by the powers that be (NOW, United Lesbians for Jesus, etc.). What gives?

Testosteronically,
B.J.C.



continued from page 18

The *Katz v United States* (1967) case set a precedent that in order to tap a phone you need a search warrant and the same limitations from the Fourth Amendment applied. You all remember what the Fourth was right? So this was a big deal and the main reason stated by the Supreme Court was that you weren't picking on just one person you were picking on everyone who might, not will, but all those who might, call the

number being tapped. Sorry FBI you can't do that.

There are lots more decisions that are part of the whole privacy issue, and there are law types who only work on figuring this out. They may seem wacko, but next time you are out in your car with a dime bag in your sack, or are here on campus with a few seeds in the bottom of your sock drawer, or maybe even the next time you forget that you left a heroin needle under your mattress. These are the times this issue applies to you. That isn't even mentioning the sexual weirdos, or gay folk, or guys like my friend *@%&* who likes to whack off on pictures of little African children from old *National Geographics*. For all these and many more people the issue of privacy should hit close to home. For me it's all about paranoia.

Hide the crack pipe



by Paul Boyer

Room choosing time is almost upon us once again and I hope you all will join behind me as I call for an end to special interest housing. I realize this is probably not a very popular stance, but, particularly in light of recent events, I believe it is necessary. The very term "special interest" has negative connotations. Even in Washington, where morals are, at best, scarce, the term is a cliché encompassing all that is wrong with the democratic process. Why is it looked upon so much more positively here?

Special interest housing, I am convinced, is really just a way to subvert the rule requiring quorum, and sometimes even to bypass the lottery process altogether. Such was the case last semester when, at a time in which mods were possibly in a greater demand than at any other time, two mods were handed to special interest groups without their having to lottery for them. The groups in question claimed grounds for exemption based on the fact that they were international students. Now I have no problem with international students wanting to live together, provided they are treated the same as the rest of us, and go through the same channels we go through, that is filling out lottery forms and waiting for their names to be drawn. I find it difficult to accept that Hampshire recognizes

Like frats, only smaller

needs for such housing that preempt normal channels. Do international students really need to live together? It's not even as if they're all from the same place; does a student from Finland have that much in common with a student from Bangladesh, or a student from Ecuador with a student from Tanzania (to use random nations as examples)? And if students from other countries have come to the United States to go to college, doesn't it make sense for them to live with Americans to fully experience American culture? When I studied abroad in England I was glad to be placed in a living situation with limeys (although admittedly the folks I lived with weren't the most stellar individuals).

As I stated, I really have no opposition to international students living together if they want to, I just don't see this need which has given them preference. Once winning a mod in the lottery, I would not be opposed if they systematically excluded any student who wasn't "international" in the interview process. People have a right to choose whomever they want to live with for whatever reason, but exceptions to established rules should not be so easily made. The same could be said for the other special interests: Students of Color, Latina/o, and (my favorite) Women and Spirituality. This is not to say the people currently inhabiting these mods should be turned out to make room for Whitey and his friends, just that failing to make quorum, they should be treated like any other mod that fails to do so. I see no

reason why a mod devoted to women and spirituality should have preference over a mod dedicated to equally lame pursuits, such as skateboarding. If some guys win a mod on November 24 and decide they only want skaters, let them do it, but I can't see them getting special treatment for it, nor should others. **I see no reason why the college should actively support segregation, voluntary or not.**

I would like to take this moment to say I have no quarrel with some other housing designations, such as allergen reduced (although I don't really know what that consists of) and similar issues which may address real needs, not mere desires. Yes, Patrick can still live in 92, if he chooses. I would not even oppose special treatment being given to people with real, severe dietary restrictions, such as a mod for Orthodox Jews (who I believe require special dishes and ovens and separation of foods and whatnot, I'm not really clear on this), provided they are really orthodox, and really adhere to the dietary restrictions, and are not simply using their heritage as an excuse to subvert the mod process (I suppose that there probably wouldn't be enough to fill a mod anyway, so it would make most sense just to give such a person off-campus housing). Note that veganism is not a severe dietary restriction. Other thematic areas I have no quarrel with either, as they are not given special treat-

continued on page 21

Women and seamen don't mix

by Jess Van Scoy

I went on a voyage last weekend to visit my bestest friend in Chicago, Amber. Deciding to go different routes in our lives was hard, especially by the end of the summer, as all of you have undoubtedly experienced. You must forgive me, however, for being serious in a spot of the *Omen*, but hear me out. I may actually have something to say!

I had to leave Wednesday night in order to catch the bus on Thursday morning. I felt like I was in the fucking "Time After Time" video as I drove off, sitting on the bus, looking out the window and drinking my hot chocolate. I fell asleep despite the moment or whatever weird voodoo trip that was.

It's amazing how a day and a half on a bus (one way!) can really change your life. Coloring and playing my oh-so-cool-super-molecular-electric-Wheel-of-Fortune-game (from Mattel) got really boring, really fast. So, I watched people. I watched the babies. I watched the dirty old men, and the big, black, proud women named Louisa and Tawnice. Occasionally I would snatch moments of conversation and included myself in some of them as well. I even found myself sharing a cigarette with a black bum named Leroy. I was outside of the bus station and couldn't find my

lighter. Ol' Leroy comes up to me and offers me his matches. I left him with a box of crackers, a cigarette, and a couple of my "for the road" crossword puzzles.

When I arrived: dirty, nicotine-starved and in a tired stupor, I found that the lovely people at the bus station (we'll call them "Blackhound" to protect their anonymity) had lost my luggage. We won't mention how I didn't even trade buses the whole fucking way (not that I am bitter or anything). I had arrived, though, and that was all that mattered.

Did I mention that my friend Amber is in the Navy? Isn't that weird? Changes the story a bit, huh? I got there and there were all of these rules and regulations that she had to follow. I wasn't allowed to be there to stay as a visitor or anything. (Note: The Navy does not like outsiders—I think it tempts too many soldiers into hating being a numbered robot—ahem, did that just slip out? Sorry.) Anyhoo, everything seemed to work out okay dokey, anyways. Amber got the whole weekend off and we got a motel room (including a clean TUB) for three whole days to ourselves. And let the parties begin.

The cliché about Navy boys being horny animals was a definite understatement. Amber and I had almost everything paid for us. I was treated to dinner and cigarettes and even several hands on my thigh. It was like the accepted thing there. I

can't say that I enjoyed everything there (such as the heavy breathing in my ear), but these guys were funnier than hell. Not to mention I got to learn a shitload of Insane Clown Posse lyrics, which was oddly fun.

Oh, yeah and there was this guy named Matt who decided he was going to lure me into his bed with stories of how he got expelled from high school for bringing bombs to school. He impressed me with his vast knowledge of sign language (dirty words, of course), and his in-depth analysis of the wonderful world of Clint Black. Oh—and get this, when I was starting to fall asleep, I awoke to him covering me up with his long, black trench coat, like a true gentleman. I pretended I was rolling over as I kicked the coat to the floor. Amber and I laughed our asses off the next day.

I slept soundly most of the whole bus ride home except for some more great conversations that would take hours to explain but mostly I thought of Amber and me.

I guess this was the best part of the trip. Throughout all of our partying in her new life, Amber and I still had our connection. We were still as close as we ever have been, if not more. Our lives and changed, and so had we; however, we were still friends. Are still friends.

That's all I have to say. Thanks to those Illinois boys and to Ams. Olive You.

Special interest housing

it make any difference. I also realize that even if everything I am advocating were to be put immediately into effect it would still make little difference. The mods in question would probably not have much trouble meeting quorum, few mods do, which is why

so few are available every year. However I would like to see no more mods handed over to special interests when the lottery arrives. Failing to do this, if anyone should wish to apply for special interest housing on a Quality Beer Mod ticket, let me know.

How to cook for 40 pumpkins

by Aemily dara "Supa' Cute" Reshen

So, in theory my articles are supposed to relate in some way, shape, or form to music. This all seems back to a long, long time ago when there were irresponsible people in charge, who decided to make me the music editor. Obviously these people were seriously retarded. What were there qualifications you ask? Ummm...well...I don't think that there actually were any. But this doesn't diminish my role—it's a very important and prestigious title that I am proud to have (not to mention the free concert tickets!)

O.K., here goes: I bought a CD this week. (Actually I bought three CD's, but accuracy is so overrated.) It was *(The best of) New Order*, which has a big witty question mark on the cover. There was no surprise involved as I had heard it a million times before and had once owned the tape, which sadly was stolen one grim July afternoon by a horde of three-legged, warty children. OK, fine, maybe I lost it. I would like to believe that everyone knows who New Order is, as they are one of the most rockin' bands ever. But then again, this is Hampshire, and frankly, you are all a little strange.

Basically, New Order was formed by the surviving members of Joy Division, after their lead singer Ian Curtis bit the big one in 1980 (he hung himself). I have heard people categorize New Order as Synthpop or New Wave music, but that probably doesn't help you bizarre and demented people, does it? I think I would describe them as having quite an ingenious style that merges electronic and acoustic instruments together in order to form what IS orgasmic music. In fact, you have probably heard New Order before. A song which I have noticed that most normal people know (so I guess this doesn't really include the Hampshire community) is

"Bizarre Love Triangle." The chorus goes a little something like this: "Every time I see you falling, I get down on my knees and pray. I'm waiting for that final moment you, see the words that I can't say."

So does this ring a bell? Bueller?

Anyone? In fact, Frente! did a cover of it back in 1994 or 1992, depending on whether or not you happened to be in Australia where it was originally released, on *Marvin the Album*. Sadly enough, I have a hard time deciding which version I like more. If anyone has an opinion on this controversial, massively debated issue, feel free to let me know—write the *Omen*, send me an E-mail, whatever. I don't really care. Oh yeah, and I got really tired of my old best friend pumpkin (if you have no clue what I am talking about, this refers back to my article in the last issue about Marilyn Manson, where I was a little bored, so I turned to a pumpkin for some companionship), and so I made soup out of him. I suggest that you try this with your best friend. Here is the recipe:

**Puree of Aemily's-Best-Friend-
"Pumpkin" Soup**

4 tablespoons butter, margarine, or whatever
1 large onion, chop it, baby
1 medium leek, if you don't have one, well...neither did I and it still tasted good
2 cups worth of fresh pureed sugar pumpkin innards, or a 16 oz. can of pumpkin smush, or your best friend
4 cups of chicken broth or veggie broth, or blood of a

young virgin
1 teaspoon salt
teaspoon curry powder
teaspoon ground nutmeg
teaspoon ground white pepper
teaspoon ground ginger
1 bay leaf
1 cup of heavy cream

In a medium kill-your-best-friend soup pot, melt the butter or whatever. Saute onion and leek (if you used one) until soft. Stir in pumpkin, broth, salt, spices, and bay leaf. Bring to a boil. Lower heat and simmer, uncovered for 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Get the bay leaf the fuck out of the soup and discard it. Puree the dead-friend mixture in batches in some sort of blender-like machine for a smoother texture. Return to soup pot and add the heavy cream, cook over moderate heat, stirring occasionally, until heated through. If needed, add some other seasonings—but figure them out for yourself, goddamit, because if you can't do this, how will you ever pass your N.S. Div I!!

The legally-insane writer of this asinine article would like to thank Cheryl "Peaches N' Cream" Rybak for her knowledge of pumpkin soup (and for actually being the one to make it.)



Pumpkin living it up during his last five minutes on earth

Sex, drugs, and sheep

by Amy Davis

Never say Hampshire students aren't polite. Last Friday night, I was hanging out with some friends in a lounge that will remain unnamed. Some people that were there before we got there were smoking something(s) outside on the balcony with the door shut. After we had been sitting in the lounge for a while, they opened the door to the balcony. One mentioned that he didn't want to exclude us, and that if we wanted any of his opium, he would be willing to share. After all many Hampshire students were probably left out of getting a piece of gum or candy when a popular student gave it out to the class. Maybe their way of making up for it is making sure to always bring enough of what ever they had for the whole class. Now I have no problems with all of your good manners, but your philosophy seems a bit skewed.

There are certain things in my life that I want to be able to remember. I enjoy remembering conversations with close friends... I enjoy remembering good films. And ideally I would like to remember having good sex, if that ever happens. I'm sure you have heard that argument and are sick of it. I believe that people who are in a healthy state of mind should have enough self respect to be responsible for their own actions. If one feels confident in themselves, they should have no need to purchase artificially manufactured fun. Think about this logically. A person goes out and buys drugs because they don't think they can have fun without them.

In any case druggies are fun, especially when you convince

them that the world is ending and it is their fault. I think that if you were really that confident about how much fun you already could have on your own, you wouldn't have to go out and purchase it. A person who is confident about his/her ability to find a love life / sex life / sex partner has no need to go out and illegally purchase one. Many of the sheep on this campus would have serious fears if people were able to illegally rent them. If you are wondering how this fits in, picture sheep as an analogy for combinations of random chemicals people take when they can't get drugs. The sheep would get sick and the school would have to purchase a new flock. That would look bad. **Treating sex the way we treat illegal drugs would obviously be bad, especially for the Dept. of Agriculture.** Now because this is the *Omen* I guess it may be my responsibility to state that I do have a love life but not a sex life, but that's not the point. The point is that I value my nonexistent sex life and feel no need to purchase one.

I also value my mind. Granted, places like Hampshire and Reed are still accredited academic institutions. But I think that we can do better than that. What if all the people who do drugs purify their bodies for one month? It would be really interesting to see what one month of Hampshire not on drugs would be like. Of course admissions may not like it. After all, during the eighties, there was controversy as to whether or not certain independently wealthy pot heads should be

kicked out after a rather prolonged stay on this campus. In the end, the faculty voted to kick the pot heads out. Poor Hampshire, we lost money from that decision.

For that reason that I am making a challenge to every reader of this article. If you can not go for six months without controlled substances, you are medically considered addicted and should seek help. Hampshire won't penalize you for seeking help. Check out Hampshire's medical policies in the student handbook.

Once you are free from drugs you can use the money to do things like pay off your tuition. If you are filthy rich and tuition isn't a problem, you could give the money to your favorite charity of activist group. You could even buy an inflatable sheep for the poor soul who used Hampshire Community Council funds to purchase one a few years back. If your former drug was crack or opium for that matter, save up for six months and buy a new car. If you are really filthy rich, you could always build Hampshire the hill named Greg.

In terms of the people mentioned earlier in this article there is something I should mention. I like all of them and consider them my friends; when they are not under influence of things like opium. In terms of the hill, I think Greg would be honored to use your drug money.

Amy Davis can be reached for comment at adavis@hampshire.edu. This is her first article for the *Omen*. In her spare time she can be found talking with chimps, creating goo, and figuring out odd ways to make her friends consume goo. Her goo is made of things found in Saga.

Freedom of expression:

by Devan Goldstein

I would like to respond to an article by Margaret Eaton Salners that commented on my article about the National Young Women's Day of Action. First of all, I must give Margaret only the highest respect for actually writing a response to my article, and standing up for her point of view. One of the reasons I wrote the article was to attack the closed-mindedness of this campus. Before her article was written, I was angered by the fact that people were talking in their own little circles about the issues at hand, and that they clearly were upset and even sickened by my article, but none had the strength in her convictions to actually make clear to the public the other side of the story. So I thank and commend you, Margaret, for helping to show me that there are some on this campus who know the importance, in politics, of defending one's position. I really must give you all the credit in the world for that.

That said, I would like to address specifically each of the points in Margaret's article. In her first paragraph, she calls me "unaware [that the] National Young Women's Day of Action (NYWDA) is about increasing awareness of the injustices women face." I AM aware of that, but I disagree with the means to that end. Remember, in my original article, I referred to the NYWDA as having "noble intentions." If I did not make it clear that my grievances were with local NYWDA supporters' methods, and not with the event itself, then I am sorry for that lack of clarity, but then let me state again that I believe the NYWDA could have been a consciousness-raising event (it certainly was, in fact—look at all the

space it gets in The Omen, and on the blacktop paths near Dakin House). It was the with means of raising consciousness by supporters on the Hampshire College campus, and, to some extent, with those supporters' explanations of the ideologies behind the NYWDA that I had complaints.

All you folks out there who know about the struggle in Tibet, you certainly appreciate what I am saying: **that a campaign against oppression cannot turn around and support oppression of a different kind.** In the case of movement to free Tibet, for example, it has been said that it is a movement not against China, but for Tibet. The new women's movement must be a movement for women, not against men. Even if it must be against some men, I would still say that those men are not **me—just as it is** the Chinese government (not the citizens) who are causing trouble, to put it mildly, in Tibet.

Margaret, again in her first paragraph, called my logic "egocentric" and "bogus." I will certainly agree with egocentric—when in political debate, one must speak and think from one's own point of view (and, further, I will admit to having, at times, no small ego). However, my logic is anything but "bogus." That is what is known as a cheap-shot, Margaret. My article, I think, was very well-thought-out and well-planned, with many logically sound propositions. It was indeed well-researched, as I went straight to the source of my anguish (the NYWDA table outside of the Campus Store). To criticize my

logic only weakens your own argument, because, I say, my logic was sound. Also, you wrote that I said the NYWDA was "a case in point of reverse discrimination." In fact (and you couldn't have known this; I just want to clarify the matter), I would never use those words; that lousy and generic title for my article came from the editors of this publication. Furthermore, if I were to use that phrase, it would be in reference (I say again) not to the event itself, but to its supporters.

Margaret, in her second paragraph, states that "the women who make less money than men are not responsible for the wage gap," but still must feel the results of it. Because of this, she says, "no one is exempt [from the wage gap] just because they believe it is wrong." Margaret, not only do I believe it is wrong, but I have NO PART in its continuation. If I had been a white man in the North in the early 1800's, with no connection to slave ownership, should I have been made a slave, because "no one is exempt?" That's a ludicrous proposition, Margaret.

You do, however, say that the cookie instance was meant to raise consciousness. While I understand that, I don't see why other methods couldn't have been used. Maybe the folks at the table could have even left the sign with the inappropriate (in my mind) pricing up, but then still only charged \$.50 for all cookie sales. Why must I suffer the oppression to be made aware of it? Perhaps, and only perhaps, it was some kind of "fun" for those involved to see men suffering in this small way. Sometimes, genders bond over the mockery and scorn of the opposite gender. This is wrong, no matter which gender

Equal rights for all

is participating. It is a psychological trick that lowers the status of the suffering gender. It has fueled the pornography industry, and the wage gap, and it is terrible. Perhaps it was a factor here.

In her next paragraph, Margaret backhandedly questions the validity of my quotation: "a safe, legal abortion for any woman who wants one, any time, any place [paid for by the U.S. Government]." That's dirty, if it's what you meant to do. I DID NOT FABRICATE ANY PART OF MY STORY. If doubt was not what you meant to project when you said "I'm not sure where that direct quote in his piece came from," then I am sorry for my misinterpretation. But if it is, then I might call you a cheap-shooting swine for it. Then again, I might not.

Also in that paragraph, Margaret says that "the real issue being lobbied for here is that funds should be available to help make safe legal abortion available to low income women, specifically by allowing Medicaid to help fund abortions." She goes on to say that I don't seem to be opposed to that idea, or to the idea of government-funded abortions for rape victims. True and true. She then says that, although I don't want to pay for "the consequences of other people's, unsafe, irresponsible, stupid sex," I already am, as a taxpayer, since women who don't get abortions often can't meet the costs of raising a child. But wouldn't those be the same low-income women who we agreed could have free, safe and legal abortions? Yes. I'm talking about refusing to pay for women who want a free abortion because, for example, they don't want to tell their suburbanite fathers that they're pregnant, and they can't afford an

abortion otherwise. That's one example of an abortion that I don't want to fund. Furthermore, why should those who are morally opposed to abortion be forced to pay for it? What if the government began killing infants as a measure of population control? Would you, Margaret, want to pay for that? I doubt it.

Also, Margaret says that Viagra comes into play, in that it is funded by Medicaid, so, she says, I am paying already for the sex that causes the pregnancies that need government funding so they can be aborted. Well, I think that's terrible too, but I would submit the viewpoint that statistically, the majority of men who use Viagra are beyond the age of conception. Remember, I said "most of the men." So for those, like Tony Randall, who are still potent enough to conceive, I would say that I definitely don't want to pay for their hard-ons.

Margaret, in her next paragraph, finds the one place where I would say my logic is seriously fallible (excellent work, Margaret. I really commend you for this). In reference to my experiment with the signs on the pavement, she says that the person who tore my sign down may have had "no affiliation [with] or awareness of [the] NYWDA." Very true, and I leave room for that. However, since, as stated above, I wrote the original article in part to attack closed-mindedness, isn't it still relevant in that someone didn't like my point of view, and so took it upon himself to censor it? That is some seriously closed-minded behavior.

"Devan," Margaret says, "you are free to put up a poster in a public place and I am free to take it down, I am free to put up a poster

in a public place and you are free to take it down. If your poster disrespects mine, then I will remove yours." I say that's terrible, Margaret. You would be so against free speech? You would be so against someone else's views? That is terribly closed-minded. I almost don't believe that you would stoop to the level of removing somebody's views entirely, since they were contrary to your own. Though I disrespect your sign, I would say that I have a right to do so. You say that yourself. I would also agree that you are free to take my poster down, by doing so don't you essentially remove my right to put it up? "Posters are torn down all the time," as you say, but does that make it right?

Margaret's closing paragraph: "To everyone involved with NYWDA, rock on. And [to] anyone else who believes women have a right to equal pay for equal work, the choice of when to be a mother, and all other aspects first class citizenship." Margaret, **I believe women have a right to equal pay for equal work, and the choice of when to be a mother, and in all other aspects to have first-class citizenship.** But I also believe that she should make the choice (rape victims notwithstanding) to be a mother before she has sex, not after.

Margaret, I again want to thank you for voicing your views. I cannot stress how important that is. And I hope you, or someone else, or both, will choose to do so again, if you feel there is more to be said.

Rick and SAURUS

3rd FEMME FATALES

CHAPTER FIVE: OUTSIDE

JC 98

ARE YOU COLD?

A LITTLE.

NO THANKS, I'LL BE OKAY.

SO, SAURA...

HAVE YOU MET ANY OTHERS LIKE US?

LIKE US? YOU MEAN ALL REPTILE LIKE?

NO ACTUALLY, YOU'RE THE FIRST.

WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE IS GOING ON IN THERE?

WELL, BY NOW RICK'S PROBABLY GETTING ALL TICKED OFF BECAUSE DR. NEUTRON WON'T GIVE HIM A STRAIGHT ANSWER.

WANNA KNOW WHAT I THINK?

WHAT?

I THINK THAT YOU AND ROXY ARE FEMALE VERSIONS OF US FROM SOME OTHER DIMENSION.

OH REALLY? WHAT DOES RICK THINK ABOUT THAT IDEA?

AAAAH, HE SAID IT WAS A LOAD OF CRAP!

C'MON, BREAK IT UP YOU TWO IT'S TIME TO GO.

I totally ticked off...